

To Remember

by Witch Of Peace

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Summary: The children of the world are in comas and having horrible nightmares. Pitch has returned and hes not alone. Jack Frost finds his new pet familiar. But does he remember Jack? May contain romance.

1. Chapter 1

Chapter 1

****This is a work of fiction. I do not own How To Train Your Dragon or Rise Of the Guardians.****

The night was illuminated by billions of light bulbs in the sky called stars. Intricate patterns of frost weaved it's way through the trees of the forest into the city, killing any traces of Autumn that had just passed. Nobody was awake this time of night, so thankfully no accidents would occur on the ice.. until tomorrow that is. However, if a man or a woman would happen to slip on the glazed path, only the children would hear the titter of a young man. This certain young man with ashen hair isn't really a young man at all. His crystal blue eyes have seen the world evolve in the past three hundred years- and you'd think someone whose been around for that long possesses a great amount of wisdom? Ha. No. Despite his age, this not so young man has the heart of a child and immaturity of a teen.

His name is Jack Frost.

Clad in a blue hoodie and brown pants he took a stance on the tip of a school building, imitating a baseball player. A staff with a curved C at the top was gripped tightly and with a forceful whack, sent hundreds of snowflakes flying everywhere. The snow eventually built on top of itself, creating a barricade at the entrance. Why was Jack Frost doing this? Simple. He was creating a snow day! A day where children wouldn't have to attend school because of the cold - and dangerous - weather! But Jack knew that a pile of beautiful snow

measly laying in front of the door would stop anyone. His brows knitted in thought, if he made a snow storm big enough maybe... His train of thought was interrupted by lights of green and pink hues swimming in the sky. Eyes widened in shock. "Wind! To the North Pole!"

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><p>Lead by two gigantic yetis, Jack entered the heart of North's factory. Elves scampered along the floor while large furry creatures built toys and contraptions. A large globe was propped in the air with panels, symbols and words written in a foreign language. In front of that was the control panel with a set of levers and switches. North stood with two hands resting on the desk, tattoos showing while the sand man was behind him, looking down at his tiny feet in worry. "Hey, North! I, uh..." Ok. He knew that the lights he saw earlier was a warning to sign to all guardians. Only used for emergencies. But he couldn't prevent the excitement building up in his stomach, this was the first time he was being called for an emergency ever since he was chosen to be a Guardian. That was over a year ago!<p>

Attempting to cover up his obvious enthusiasm, he cleared his throat and walked over to the control panel. "Yo big guy-" He shoed away the yetis with a wave of his hand. They rolled there eyes and went back to work. "Whats up?"

North turned to look at the new guardian, confusion and slight anger etched on his face. "Jack, I wish I could say it was good to see you. But its not good. Not at all." Jack glanced at Sandy, who just shook his head. Ok Jack was beginning to really worry, he wasn't all that much worried when he was signaled because he was to damn excited at the fact that this was his first official guardian emergency meeting, (which he is willingly attending) but now the worrying was settling in. "What do you mean?" The small man formed pictures above his head which made zero sense to Jack. Thank Manny North was translating. "The children, are having nightmares again."

"What?!" That wasn't Jack, but rather the Easter bunny who just entered the scene, looking pretty pissed. "How could they be having nightmares?! I thought we defeated that bloody no good boogey man!" With a clap of his hands, North bellowed. "One more down, one to go!" The rabbit eyed the man and was about to shout until something caught his eyes. Jack followed his gaze. "The children.. North what's happening?" The winter spirit felt his heart plummeting in his chest. "They're..." The globe that used to be a lit with millions of lights were now slowly dwindling and flickering. A feminine gasp was heard. "No more to go! Ok everybody listen, this is very important. Go ahead Sandy!" Said man of sand began creating images above his pointed head. As they continued at a rapid pace, Bunny and Tooth looked horrified, leaving Jack bewildered. "Guys I really don't understand what he just said."

"Ah ya drongo! Do you not get it? Pitch is back!" Tooth fluttered in, "No were not sure...Jack, Sandy says that children are having nightmares and are under some sort of coma. Its somehow... effecting their belief in us." The feathered women wore a sad expression, remembering what happened last time. She kicked the thought out of her head when she realized Jack was not believed in for most of his undead life and only now children were beginning to believe in him.

Tooth felt even worse. "A-a coma?" "Yeah. Not even Sandy's dream sand can help them." Jack's vision flickered around the ground, as if the answer to all this was lying there. "Pitch...I thought we got rid of him?" North waved his hands in the air, "Exactly. We do not know for sure if it is Pitch. But the lights are very slowly going ka-put! Until we figure out what is causing problem I want everyone to keep both eyes out!" Jack chuckled and was about to correct him until a thought slowly dawned on him. His smile dropped. "Jamie..." All the guardians gasped.

"Jack..."

"Now calm down a minute mate..."

Concern welled up inside the boy, "North, there's no time to fly back. You gotta let me use a snowglobe." Gripping his staff in anguish, he looked up at the colossal guardian. "Please." Nicholas' azure eyes stared into the expression the teen guardian wore. The only time he's ever seen that face was when Sandy supposedly died. It was filled with pain and isolation. The complete opposite of Jack's usual smirking face. With a sigh, he placed a beefy hand on the smaller one's shoulder. "I understand. Jamie was first believer. Obviously he is important to you, but remember the other children are in danger too." The corner of his pale lip twitched upwards. "Yeah.. I won't forget that. It's my job after all, ya know.. The whole Guardian thing. "

Bunnymund thumped his foot in annoyance, "I hate to break a gushy moment here, but we've got children to save." North smiled with confidence and nodded, "Indeed." Reaching into the fuzzy pocket of his red coat, he pulled out a snowglobe and handed it to Jack. Toothiana was busy with her fairies above them. Whizzing to different groups and directing them where to go. "Ok I want you, you and you to cover Australia and New Zealand! You girls cover Asia and you- What is it sweetie? Aw of course I'm coming with you!" Jack smiled lifting the snowglobe in the air before saying his thanks, and with a crash he was gone in a burst of colours and light.

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><p>I feel like it was too short. This took awhile to write and I'm not 100 percent happy with the outcome. If anyone has any advice for me it would be very **appreciated. :)**

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2.

When Jack flew to the North Pole he had the combination of his own powers and the elements to help increase the pace. He brought winter last night and now it was morning. Citizens were beginning to wake up from their slumber in Burgess. The sun was out and hadn't caused Jack's hard work to melt, but created a shimmering blanket complimenting it. Everything seemed normal, just a cold frosty winter day... until a portal of twinkling colours arose from mid air. With a yelp the guardian came tumbling out of the spiraling light and face planted into the snow.

"Well that could of gone better." He muffled into the snow. The

portal vanished abaft him. Using his two hands to push himself up, Jack shook the snow out of his already white hair. Infront of him was a fence, and behind that fence lay the Bennett household. It would of taken him days to get here from the North Pole, thank god for magic snowglobes.

Thoughts buzzed inside of Jack. What if Jamie was in this deep slumber and couldn't be woken up? What if the other kid's were in comas? None of this made sense. Why now? There were no signs at all. Jack was positive he would of noticed something, even the smallest of changes.

Pale feet came into contact with the top of the old fence and in a swift motion Jack was on the other side. This time it was rather gracefull, unlike the plunder that just happened. Peering through the kitchen window, he saw there was no sign of someone groggily preparing breakfast or making coffee. The contents on the table were unouched and the place in general was silent. The guardian bit his lip, "Ok, there are two possible options. Either no one is awake yet, or their all under some weird coma." With the power of the wind, his body flew upwards. "Lets hope its the former."

The guardian planned on quietly entering Jamie's room by carefully opening the window and tip toeing in, dodging the littered toys and books on the ground. On second thought, that was pretty stupid since no one would be able to hear him. But this masterfull plan wasn't going to take place because of the most horrifying thing happening right before his eyes. "Hey you!" Shouted Jack, not caring if Jamie woke up but was more concerned for the boy's safety. A black shadow was lurching towards Jack's first believer who was sleeping innocently under the covers of his cozy blue duvet. It didn't seem to have legs as it was extending out the end of Jamie's bed. It turned around and the second its canary yellow eyes met Jack's blue ones, it snarled a sickle snarl and pounced.

Jack backed up from the shadow in a hurry trying to lure it away from his sleeping friend. He so wanted to beat crap out of... what ever it was. The black figure seemed mad at him for interrupting whatever it was doing. It disintegrated into black sand and leaked out of the bedroom window causing Jack to gasp, was this Pitch? "Are you the one whos giving children the nightmares? Cause if you are knock it off!" The sand floated for a moment then materialized into its previous form. Now Jack could see it had legs and hands but this wasn't the boogey man, this was someone different. The floating figure screeched and bounded towards him.

Jack took a fighting stance as the figure charged. With a flick of his staff a flurry of hail was sent in the creatures' direction. It dodged but miniscule hail stones still managed to land in it's eyes. It shrieked an unholy shriek, something Jack had never heard before in his undead life. Clearly the thing was extremly peeved off and shook the pieces of hail out of its face. Waves of black sand escalated into the sky, all trying to grab hold of Jack. Yep. This guy was mad.

The guardian put on his bravest face and flew with all his might. He weaved his way around houses and onto the main street. Using the power of the black sand, the figure became one with the walls as a shadow. It sprinted after the guardian of fun as he soared into town, who made sure to take a complicated route involving lots of sharp

twists and turns.

After a minute of flying, the spirit glanced behind him and noticed the shadow was gone. All that was there was a vacant street and two cars glazed in snow. Where was it? Flying upwards in a vertical line, he hummed in thought. "Where are you...?" He looked and spun around in the air waiting for a sign of movement in the empty town. The maze of buildings seemed desolated. Surveying the street with stern eyes, he spotted the black creature at a dead end looking confused as ever. Jack laughed. "Hey! There you are!"

The second the thing heard Jack's amused chortle, it snapped its head to the sky in his direction. Unfortunately for it, it had bad timing, for the second it looked up a snowball came flying it's way. Frozen snow was smeared across it's face. Releasing a growl, it wiped the frost off and looked up to see a snickering Jack. It blasted upwards leaving a ripple of sand where it stood.

"Woah!" The white haired teen backed up an inch just as the thing shot in the air. Before Jack could even attack, it grabbed his staff and snarled wickedly. It desperately tried to claw at his face but Jack kept his arms outward awkwardly, trying to keep the beast at bay. Now, he was slightly alarmed at the figures' snapping teeth that looked like they could take a chunk out of him then and there, but something else caught his eye. This thing wasn't black, but grey. Dark grey skin could be seen under the layer of black sand. It was way to similar to Pitch's skin tone, but it wasn't Pitch. So just who was this guy?

Another hand swipped at Jack's face and this time it didn't miss. The impact sent him flying, releasing his grip on his shepherds crook and plummeting to the ground. Jack could feel a stinging sensation in his left cheek. "Ughh..."

Snow. He was surrounded by snow. Jack was about to get up and blast this guy with a frickin tornado but black sand held him down. All of his struggling had no effect on the sand. Dammit what was he going to do without his saff? Blinking the black grains harshly out of his eyes, he shouted. "Get off me!" The shadow figure was above him now and Jack could get a clear look at it's face. It was merely a few inches infront of him, it could of attacked right there but why didn't it? Its yellow orbs were fixated on the guardian, its top lip curved upwards showing off its impressive teeth. Tooth would of loved them, they where as white as snow!

The black sand kept fizzing around his face as it inched closer. Jack's eyes narrowed... wait, those dots weren't sand, those were... freckles? This thing had freckles? They were speckled around it's eyes and button nose. And this thing had hair! Dark ebony hair swaying over its forehead. How come Jack didn't notice it before? This kid obviously reminded him of Pitch, but there was something else that uneased Jack. Something he felt like he should know but didn't. The fact that is was something important he was forgetting made him anxious.

Time stood still as they stared at eachother, into eachother in silence. Jack was breathing heavily, restricted by the shackles of black magic. It was the boy's move now. Jack waited for him to do something, anything, but he didn't. Instead he gaped attentively at the guardian. His face grew nearer towards Jack's, if that were

possible, and Jack really thought this guy was going to finish him using those sharp edged teeth of his.

But he didn't.

Just like that, Jack was alone. The boy backed off and disintegrated into the ground. A second ago he would of been dead, end of his immortal life. No more bringing joy to children. No more Winter. No more nothing. He tightly clutched his chest in an effort to control his rapidly beating heart. "That was to close... What even..." His head was tossed back as he left out a cold breath of air. "Fuck."

That thing, that boy. Who was he? What just happened? Seeing his face caused a memory to stir inside Jack. The most frustrating thing of all was that the memory was right there in his reach, he just had trouble grasping it. Nothing made sense at all.

After a moment of laying in the snow and trying to soak up the whole battle that just commenced, the guardian stood up with a huff. Ow oh yeah the stinging was back. He brought a hand to his face and examined the faint red liquid on his fingers. This was new. He never bled before. It was almost sort of nice, in a really weird and non creepy way. He took it as a sign that he was still somewhat human with a heart and a brain and emotions even though he was invisible to the world. No one said the life of a dead three hundred and eighteen year old guardian was gonna be easy and bleeding from a tiny cut was the most normal thing that has ever happened.

"Crap. Wheres my staff?" Forgetting the cut for a moment, he briskly searched for the precious shepherds crook to find it laying in the snow a few feet away. He didn't want to think about what would happen if he lost it.

Think Jack, important matters are at stake here. That weird mini Pitch triggered something in Jack. Telling the guardians what happened would be the most logical thing to do but instead, he took flight in the wind towards Jamie's house.

By the time the immortal arrived back at Jamie's, the previously opened window was closed and the bed was empty. The covers were tossed in a heap at one side, everything was still and unmoving just as Jack had left it. (minus the weird shadow guy). With a drop of his brows and lips, the guardian floated downwards to the other side of the house. This time the sight in the kitchen relieved him. There at the kitchen table was Jamie's mother, reading the newspaper with a pipping cup of coffee and a slice of toast in front of her. To her left was Sophie, blonde hair wild as ever, munching on scrambled egg and giggling at the pet dog trying to jump up from under the table.

Jack sighed in relief. Those two, - er three where fine. Where was his friend Jamie? He had gotten to him in time and stopped that shadow guy from going near him, right? Taking another few seconds to make sure Jamie wasn't in the kitchen, he left the window and made his way to the wooden porch out back. It gently creaked underneath his bare feet. Had Jamie already left the house? Jack needed to be sure his friend was alright, so he peeped in through the window of the front door hoping Jamie would be there. He was right! He was standing right there in his pyjamas clutching a phone to his ear. The phone

was connected to a dial pad with a spiralling wire, so Jamie couldn't leave the hall for privacy, which was in some way good for Jake seeing as how he was particularly nosey today. But who could blame him? The kid almost got attacked by a shadow monster thing!

The little boy's back was turned, so Jack couldn't see his face. Jamie was rubbing his fingers together in one hand with worry. Listening carefully, Jack could make out a few words. "Claude I'm sorry. Dude! I can't hear you, what? Yeah I could get my mom to drop me up later if you want. Yeah I-" Jamie paced forward and his words were even more quiet. Leaning his forehead against the glass, Jack groaned and waited for the kid to finish up the call.

Which he did after like, what five minutes? Jack noticed he was frowning as he put the phone on the reciever. Jack knocked.

"Hey kiddo." Jamie looked up and grinned. "Jack!"

"Jamie, are you still on the phone with Claude?"

"Uhh.." Jamie padded to the front door in his slippers, silently patting a finger to his lips signalling for the guardian to be quiet. "Yeah Mom...can you drop me over to his house this afternoon?"

Jack rolled his eyes. He didn't need to be quiet. "She can't see me, remember?" He walked past the younger one nonchalantly with his hands in his pocket and his staff held in the nook of his elbow. Jamie let out a whisper while he tried to close the door shut as quietly as he could. "Oh. Yeah."

"Yeah sure honey."

"Thanks Mom"

The two raced up the stairs and into the brunette's bedroom. Peeking out of the doorway to make sure no one was there, Jamie shut his bedroom door. "Jack! You will not believe whats happening!" He turned to face the teen who was lying down on his bed, hands behind his neck as he sighed. "Try me kiddo."

"Somethings up. All my friends are getting really sick, like, really bad. Caleb and Pippa are in the hospital and I'm getting..." He took in a shaky breath. "... nightmares."

The guardian of fun shot up from his place on the comfy bed. "Thats the reason I wanted to see you actually. Whats up with the two in hospital?" Jamie took a step forward, his voice filled with worry. "There in comas Jack. Mom says someone gets into a coma after an accident...like they're asleep and can hear everything around them but they can't wake up. Claude rang me and he was crying like so hard. I don't know what to do. What if they never wake up?"

Something inside Jack broke at the sight of his first believer's face. It was pure fear. Fear for his friend's safety. He didn't like seeing any child like this. Heaving himself up off the bed, he crouched down on one knee in front of Jamie. "Listen... I know its really scary. But trust me, all the other guardians know about the nightmares and your friends being put under comas. Were gonna stop all this. Your friends are gonna be okay, okay?" The boy sniffed,

"Okay."

Jack smiled, "Do you... remember when the nightmares started? Or when your friend was put into hospital?"

The brunnete ran a hand through his unruly hair and sat on his bed, the older one followed suit. "I started getting creepy nightmares about a week or two ago. Pippa was put into the hospital like, six days ago I think? I'm not aloud visit her, I don't know why though. And now the same thing happened to Caleb."

"Jamie." Said boy looked up at the teen who had a thoughtfull look on his face. "I'm not gonna let that happen to you or any of your friends anymore. You know that, right?" Jack ment every single word. This has gone far enough. That shadow guy from earlier obviously played a big part in this, he just needed to remember. And the help of teeth wouldn't sufice. "Yeah." Smiled Jamie, an honest true smile. "I know. Thanks Jack."

"No prob kiddo. Its what we do." He playfully ruffed the boys brown locks causing him to chuckle and wave his hands around. "H-Hey stop!"

"Oh! It was messy anyway!"

"Quit it!"

The guardian laughed as his little friend's displeasure. "All right, all right! Ohya, didn't you say you were going to visit Claude?" Jamie nodded. "That's not until later though. Whatcha wanna do till then?" Jack floated upwards in a lying position, forgetting all about the shadow figure and his identity. A million ideas came to his head and he couldn't help but smirk."Get dressed and meet me outside. We're gonna have snow day."

* * *

><p>Yup that was chapter two. I actually enjoyed writing most of this. I have most of the plot in my head, just actually getting to the point is the hardest part. Ohya and that scene with the Jack and the shadow, I tried to make it seem like Hiccup's first encounter with Toothless? Bla. I'm still uneasy about how i'm going to portray the romancy part. Wish me luck!

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

The two mischevious boys had been playing outside for hours. Burgess' citizens were now awake, except they coundn't perform their daily routines like driving to work or walking to school due to all the hazardous snow. Giggles filled the air as Jamie hid behind a car while Jack floated above him. "Ok now, steady your aim. Thats it. Good- No a little to the left- Yeah there ya go!" With a nudge of Jack's magical shepherds crook, the little boy's arm was in perfect position. In his hand lay a flawless spherical snowball just waiting to be thrown.

Jamie locked his eyes on the target, carefully making sure he was

unseen by the unsuspecting victim. "One... " He threw his arm back a tad. "Two... Three!" The snowball flew through the air and landed squarely on a mans shoulder. The man swiftly turned around, puzzled. Jamie ducked, "Aw man he moved at the last second! I almost had him!"

Jack let out a hearty laugh and stood on the roof of the vehicle with a grin, "Watch and learn Jamie. Let the master show you how its done." The teen blew a frosty breath into his curled palm, creating another snowball. His friend chuckled and rolled his eyes, "Yeah yeah whatever."

Blue eyes scanned the area in search of another helpless victim. The few people that actually went outside to face the harsh weather were wearing layers upon layers of clothing. Speaking of which, a funny looking women just walked round the corner wearing the most ridiculous fur coat Jack ever did see.

Clenching the snowball, he propelled his arm behind him and flung it. It sliced through the wind and hit the women right in the face. She let out a shriek, "Wha-what? Who through that?" Both boys let out a roar of laughter at the sight. Jamie slid down to the ground in a fit and leaned his head on his hand, "Ohmygosh did you see her face? She totally wasn't expecting that."

Gently hopping off the car, Jack laughed and let out a high pitched sigh. "I know right? He offered Jamie a high five, who gladly returned it.

Jack was delighted that his little friend was having a great time. He was laughing with joy and playing in the snow. And with the two words "Joy" and "Snow" together in the same sentence, the guardian knew he was doing his job right. But that thing from earlier crept back into the depths of his mind. Thoughts and a forgotten memory clouded his brain. This thing... this kid, tried to attack Jamie. And most likely caused the horrible dreams all the children were having, but none of this added up. Some weird mini Pitch replica appears out of now where, sending children into comas and giving them nightmares? Not to mention Jack was positive he knew him from somewhere.

"Hey Jamie... "

Said boy sat up from his spot by the car and the two began a slow pace down the road. Before answering, Jamie quickly glanced around, making sure no one was close enough to hear him talking to thin air. "Yeah?" he said in a hush tone.

"Ok. I'm probably gonna make you re-live bad thoughts, but its really important that I know, what exactly happened in your nightmares?"

The boy noticably stiffened. Truthfully, Jack wasn't sure if Jamie stopped speaking because of him or the lady walking her dog nearby. "Its ok. You can tell me. Theres nothing to be afraid of." He flashed a reassuring smile. He ment those words, both of them knew that. But Jamie still feared the images that plagued his sleep. There where just to...creepy. Would Jack think he was odd for dreaming of such nonsense?

"There to scary... I dno'... they start out normal. Everythings the

same, and all of you are there... The Easter Bunny, Santa and the Tooth fairy and the Sand man...but then... I... " He stopped dead in his tracks and was suddenly captivated by the pair of damp boots on his feet.

"Hey, you ok?" The guardian crouched down so he was looking up into two brown eyes. Apparent confusion was plastered on his face. "Its just, it was so real... I actually was-."

"Was what?"

"I feel bad though, cause-!"

"Jamie?"

"Like, you're guardians. I know you'd never do that but I was so scared it felt so real and I-"

Jamie babbled on about feeling guilty, for feeling scared, which Jack thought was utterly ridiculous. He patted the younger one on the shoulder in a comforting manner. "Slow down! You don't need to feel sorry for anything. It was scary, I get that. Just take a deep breath in...and start from the begining." Nodding his head, Jamie stuffed his hands in his pockets and continued walking. "Okay okay... we were all there. You and the guardians... and everyone else." Jack smiled slightly, encouraging him to go on. "Mm?"

"Then everything got suddenly dark, I wasn't afraid though, but then Bunny started acting really weird. Really really weird. He was hopping around the place knocking everything down. And then Santa Clause laughed and it did not sound like him at all! It was way more lower... and almost... I dno' evil... I know hes actually NOT evil, but it sounded like that. And the tooth fairy. She was so creepy, just thinking about it gives me goosebumps. I hated it so much."

"Its alright." Jack reassured him. "Go on." He rolled his pale hand around in a circle, "Keep going."

"You all started acting funny and running around like crazy, and just doing things that didn't seem like you. The scary thing was, the Tooth Fairy chased me everywhere-" He began to blush in mid sentence for sounding so foolish. "-and tried to rip my teeth out. Like jabbed her fingers in my mouth while other small Tooth fairies kept me down.. she looked different. I couldn't move. I woke up just before she was about to actually do it."

The winter spirit couldn't help but snicker. "That doesn't sound to far fetched if you think about it."

"No jack, she wasn't herself, she was a completely different person. I don't know how to explain it, but something was off."

The snow spirit shrugged "Ok, I guess." Jamie's dream was definately weird judging by his vague description. It was still fuzzy but Jack was getting the main jist of it, just more information was needed. "What else happened? What about me? I hope I'm still the most handsome guardian in it."

"Stoop. You're not talking this seriously!"

Jack was indeed taking it seriously! He listened to every word Jamie said. Absorbing his words along with their meaning. He was simply trying to lighten the mood was all. Waving his hands in defeat he sighed, "Ok ok I'm sorry. Im serious! Look at my face. It's over flowing with serious-ness. Totally serious." The guardian's pale lips pinched together in a tight line and his dark browns knitted together, making Jamie giggle.

"Tooth Fairy tried to rip my teeth out. Santa was chasing me and my other friends around with swords, and he almost got us! I never knew Santa even used weapons... and the sandman was so freakin creepy with his black sand attacking us and-" "Wait. Did you say black sand?"

"Yeah. He completely changed. Bunny was like a wild dog or something, kicking and biting us. He made these weird growling noises and I swore he was a ware-rabbit or something. You Jack..." The younger one turned to face the teen. "You tried to drown me."

Jamie contineud to ramble once more while a faint blush began colouring his cheeks. He thought that having nightmares about the guardians, who protected them and GUARDED them, attacking him and others his age was absolutaly insane. When these strange visions began the other day, he brushed them off as if they where nothing but a dream gone wrong. Then the images converted and twisted into something gruesome. So greusome that they forced him out of his slumber at quarter to three in the morning and cause his whole body to perspire. He always needed to change. His Mother was concerned, thinking her 11 year old boy was wetting the bed.

"I-I tried to what?"

"You shoved me under the water by the lake. Stupid right?"

The young man the boy looked up to, litteraly and figuratively, was not respoding. Ocean coloured eyes stared into the deep abyss of nothing, clutching his staff in a silent grip, apart from his already pale knuckles turning a shade lighter. His friend tried to shoo away the worry knawing at his stomach.

"Jack? Hellooo?"

The guardian of fun was frozen in place, not due to the sudden drop in climate but because Jamie had a dream that he fucking drowned him. Old memories molded into fresh memories and his throat bobbed. All of the images whizzing through his mind came to a halt. Yes. Jack did drown. If he hadn't it would of been his sister. Fate had planned for one of them to die that day, and Jack's baby sister certainly wasn't going to be that victim. You'd think that if you died to save a blood relative would be tragically beautiful-Or make you're heart swell with overwhelming emotions because you performed such a noble act that deserved praise? Jack didn't think like that at all. He acted upon instinct. Save the other. He didn't think highly of himself, nor did he have low self esteem. Jack was simply a good person, now a good guardian. But the image alone of drowning, no, KILLING a child, tore his soul apart. However, irony was really playing its part today with the whole drowning method.

"Woah. Did I just space out?" Jamie nodded his head causing his brown

hair to shake. "Yeah you did. Did I say something wrong?" In his mind he pleaded Jack didn't feel betrayed.

Nonetheless, this wasn't about Jack Overland Frost's history. This was about Jamie's present, and possibly future. If Jamie was to go under a coma and stop believing... or worse, never woke up...

"No!" A joyfull smirk came to his face, "Those nightmares sound terrifying. And no, they're not stupid. This is serious, remember? The complete opposite of stupid. We're going to find out whats giving you and you're friends nightmares. Then we're going to stop it. No more comas or nightmares."

Only now did the two realise they where infront of Jamie's house looking the same before they headed out. "Do you...It can't be Pitch- I mean, hes gone, right?" They began to make they're way to the porch.

"Honestly-" Jack shrugged, "We don't know for certain if Pitch is back."

Jamie frowned, which made Jack doubt his decision letting that piece of information slip. "Hey, what time is it? Are you heading over to Claude's now?" The brunette took a seat on the highest step and with a forcefull tug pried his green boot off. Wet feet were hidden by damp socks and his toes wiggled in an attempt to shake off the cold. "Yeah i'll be going over there soon. Wanna come with me?"

Jack began to rise a few inches above the ground, "Yeah, I'd like to see him. Do you know if he's having the same nightmares?"

"Sometimes they're the same."

The guardian brought a finger to his lips in thought, "And other times?" The brunnette took a brief look at him and almost fumbled over his words, "It doesn't matter! They're still scary. Everyone else is freaked out by them too." Automatically, he rubbed his arms in a trying-to-comfort-himself manner. Jack let out a brief sigh, "I wanna ask him about his dreams aswell. It could help- any bit of information would be great right now. Are you sure there was nothing else in you dream? Besides the biting chasing drowning thing? I wan't you to really-" He brought his pale hands down onto Jamie's small shoulders. "Really think about it. Any small detail." The younger one looked down for a moment, had he missed something? Was there really a detail in those horrible dreams that could be a possible clue to solving all this?

In a small voice he uttered the words, "No, I-I can't remember..."

"Jamie, who are you talking to- And what are you doing outside in wet clothes with no shoes on?" His Mother was standing inside with the front door wide open, hands on her hips, with a look of discontent. Her son rapidly spun around looked up at her, "M-Mom? No one! And I was going to go change right now!" Jack laughed as he leaned his shoulder against the old porch ballinster. Jamie grumbled under his breath as his Mother lead him into the house. However, before the front door shut, Jamie glanced behind him and mouthed the words "Wait here."

"And did you know about Caleb? His Mom rang me awhile ago, poor thing she was so upset. I'm coming with you when you-"

The conversation continued behind the closed door. Jack smiled and waited.

* * *

><p>Haha wow a big thanks to everyone who's out there reading this story! Really thanks so much! I'm not sure if I should answer questions privately or what I don't know whats the normal here lol

End
file.